high tide, and overgrown with rank proof, while in the rear of those most exgrasses. The occupation of points so posed lay a long, wide swamp, into unfavorable for the erection of batteries which it was supposed that a great porwas rendered still more difficult by the | tion of the shot and shell from Fort Pupresence in the Savannah of a fleet of laski would fall. The supposition proved rebel gunboats constantly passing and correct. The magazines were bomb- Strange always on the alert.

Bird Island, although the material of men. The result proves with how great which they were constructed being of success these preparations were made; the most unfavorable description, pre-sented creditable specimens of field-the gunners lost but one man killed or works, and evidence of the great labor | wounded. The work occupied nearly and perseverance of the troops under six weeks before they were completed, most trying circumstances.

range of Fort Pulaski, completely iso- tachment of the 1st N. Y. Engs., under lating it, and cutting it off from sup- Lieut.-Col. James F. Hall. plies and reinforcements. Gen. R. E. were at work removing the obstructions Col. Rust. placed in Wail's Cut.

parent that unless protected by batteries, This was a any artificial obstructions may be re-

The batteries on Jones's Island and that every protection was secured to the These two were directly under the Conn., Col. Alfred H. Terry, and a de-

When the guns were nearly all in and that gave her eyes a look of question, a Lee reported to the rebel Secretary of position a battalion of the 3d R. I. Art. look of wonder, which made her face youth-War on Jan. 29, 1862: "Five days was sent to Tybee Island to assist in ago it was discovered that the enemy mounting the guns, and later the 8th Me., constantly "When? when?" and any one

TASK OF INFINITE LABOR. moved, yet, as the marsh is 'too soft The transportation of heavy guns, al- office. She liked the loneliness of her glen, and impassable to admit the construct ways difficult, was here rendered pecution of a battery,' it was the only ob- liarly so. These works were placed so stacle that could be opposed to its navi- as to be hidden from the enemy until

This battery was not complete in time to

engage in the first day's action, but

[To be continued.]

An Asthma Cure at Last,

report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant found on the Congo river, West Africa.

The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New

ONE COUNTRY AND ONE FLAG.

BY MISS E. C. BATES, SUNDERLAND, MASS,

Ringed in by fire and girt with smoke

While the deadly roar of rebel guns

But the guns grew silent one by one,

But see, oh God! What sight is there!

Fast sped the news the Northland through,

With insult mad and war and blows."

"The flag has fallen, our country's foes,

Down come the Stripes and Stars,

And in their place is treason's sign,

Have set the seal to their infamy

Forth went the fiery cross of hate,

They came from farm and workshop.

Where their blood ran free as rain,

From pulpit, desk and mill,

O'er mountain, plain and glen,

And every little hamlet

Sent forth its tale of men.

But goodly foemen still.

They learned the deadly lessor

On many a Southern plain.

How well they learned that le

Grim war's red pages show,

Tis writ on the fields of conquest

And the hearts of a gallant foe.

In the field and the prison-pen,

And conquered at last like men.

And shall their mem'ry ever fade?

They lived and died like heroes,

And shall their glory wane?

Not till our flag lies low in dust

And freemen wear the chain;

A grateful country holds their names,

Writ high in the roll of the years,

And you who gather to-day to speak.

Of bygone scenes and of toils that are past,

Think not that your service is cheaply held.

This thought that your hearts will cheer.

Through the length and breadth of the land,

Tis your best reward and your chiefest boast

Veterans of the 48th N. Y.

At the last regular meeting of the 48th N. Y.

Veteran Association the following officers were

elected for 1897: Pres., S. H. Frankenburg;

ton; Surg., Geo. W. Brush; Sergeant-at-Arms, Fred Korn. The Association meets at 8 p. m. every third Thursday, Room 3, City Hall,

The flag floats free and without a stain.

From the Lakes to the Rio Grande.

What matters the sorrow past,

The flag floats free to every breeze

And the country is won at last.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

For sorrow and blood and tears.

Of the days and deeds of yore,

And of comrades gone before,

Heed never a scoff or jeer.

And will ne'er forget the debt she owes

They marched and fought and suffered

As the gray walls crumbled fast,

Till grim and still in the April sun

The fortress lay at last,

The flag with triple bars.

Sumter's grim fortress lay,

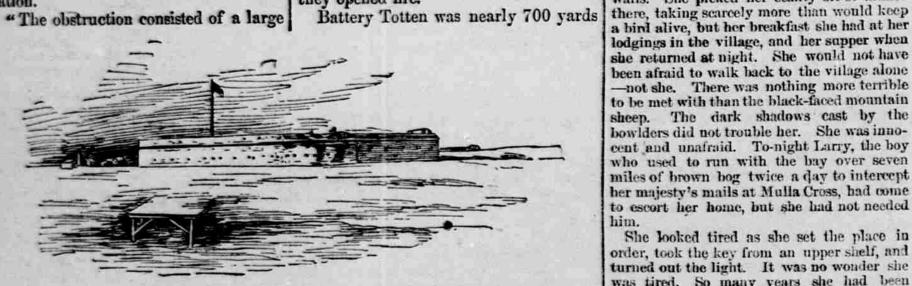
High overhead Old Glory flew

In radiance calm and proud,

and from below a patriot band

opened the second.

A trial costs you nothing.



FORT PULASKI AFTER THE SURRENDER

schooner sunk in the narrowest and shal- | from the fort; Batteries Sigel and Mc | begin to beat with dull, heavy throbs, forelowest part of the cut. A similar ob- Clellan, 1,620; Battery Scott, 1,675; seeing its own disappointment. Every night struction was placed in Wilmington Battery Halleck, 2,400; Battery Burn- ere she slept she would whisper courage to years. Scraps of gossip about her came to Narrows, a small creek connecting Wil- side and others were all more than 3,000, herself, since no one knew what the new day mington River and St. Augustine Creek. Both of these obstructions were sur- Breaching casemate forts at this distance Many years of disappointment had not taught rounded by piles. Day before yesterday had never been supposed practicable in her hopelessness. seven of the enemy's

GUNBOATS WERE DISCOVERED

at Wall's Cut and six in Wilmington Narrows. They had reached the obstructions in each stream, and were apparently endeavoring to work through passage of the Savannah and the boats plying between the city and Fort Pulaski.

"Flag Officer Tatnall descended the Savannah River and boldly engaged them. After an hour's trial he had to haul off, the range and caliber of his guns being inferior to that of the enemy. The boat plying between the city and Fort Pulaski received three shots through her upper works.

"If the enemy succeed in removing the obstructions, there is nothing to pre-



GEN. EGBERT L. VIELE.

vent them reaching the Savannah River. and we have nothing affoat that can contend against them. The communication between Savannah and Fort Pulaski will then be cut off. The fort is supplied with four months' provisions."

The establishment of the National batteries on the Savannah River completely isolated Fort Pulaski, cutting it off from supplies and reinforcements. Its investment was complete with the establishment of the battery on Bird Island, which was the signal for the rebels to abandon their works on Skidaway and Green Islands, and also Fort Thunderholt, a heavy work mounting 14 guns, and only five miles from Savan-

The next step was the erection of batteries for the reduction of the fort. Tybee Island was selected as the basis of operations, and gun and mortar batteries were immediately commenced, under the supervision of Gen. Gillmore. He deemed the

REDUCTION OF FORT PULASKI

practicable by erecting batteries of mortars and rifled guns on Tybee Island. Cockspur Island, on which Fort Pulaski stands, is low and marshy. The nearest solid land is Tybee Island, lying to the seaward, and within three-quarters of a mile distance. Here were built the heaviest breaching batteries, but others were erected at intervals along the shores for a distance of nearly two miles.*

These works were erected wholly at night, as they were all within range of From the old Bay State to the Golden Gate, Fort Pulaski. Their faces were bomb-

The following gives the strength, armament, and name of commanding officer:

Battery. Stanton, three 13-inch mortars: Capt. Skinner. Stanton, three 13-inch mortars: Capt. Skinner, Grant, three 13-inch mortars; Capt. Palmer.
Lyons, four 10-inch Columbiads; Capt. Pelouze.
Lincoln, three 8-inch Columbiads, Capt. Pelouze.
Burnside, one 13-inch Mortar; Serg't Wilson.
Sherman, three 13-inch mortars; Capt. Francis.
Halleck, two 13-inch mortars; Capt. Sanford,
Scott, one 13-inch mortar; Capt. Mason.
Sigel, five 30-pounder Parrotts, and one 24-pounder
James; Capt. Shellenkirk.

McClellan, three 42-pounder and two 32-pounder
James; Capt. Rodgers. Totten, four 10-inch mortars; Capt. Rodman.

proof, and provided for the reliefs, so and was chiefly performed by the 7th shelves and pigeon-holes for the stamps and

The mounting of ordnance was ex- her pale with expectation. She would peer "This cut is a pass between Daw- ecuted under direction of Lieut. Horace fuskie River and Wright River, in Porter, of the U. S. Army. He also as- Tom or Larry of her daily life, her air of ex-South Carolina, and forms part of the sumed the entire charge of all duties citement would settle to a dull languor, as it inland communication between Savan- connected with the Ordnance Depart- it were but one of many disappointments. nah and Port Royal Harbor. This | ment on the island, supervising the landcommunication traverses an extensive ing through a bad surf on an open beach, the turn, but from the postoffice, looking marsh, is crooked, shallow, and difficult and thence dragged by the soldiers for down from its rough hill path over acres of of navigation; and, though it was ap- nearly two miles through yielding sand. stones and bowlders to a little rust-colored

they opened fire.

to escort her home, but she had not needed She looked tired as she set the place in order, took the key from an upper shelf, and turned out the light. It was no wonder she was tired. So many years she had been waiting for a letter that never came. Every day when the bag came in, her heart would fledged bird. Her only gain was that now might bring; every morning she awoke a and Battery Grant 3,500 yards away. little blithe because of the same expectation.

Countryside.

The postoffice was a little bit of an iron

louse, a police but dating, perhaps, from

troubled times. There was a piece of deal

across it for a counter, and behind that

modest supply of stationery and post cards

The postmistress was a brown-eyed, clear-

which the village of Gurtnalacken required.

skinned woman. She was very short-sighted,

The postmistress had stayed late at the

vided for a sentry on duty, and there was no

sleeping accommodation within its four gray

walls. She picked her scanty bit of dinner

a bird alive, but her breakfast she had at her

she returned at night. She would not have

been afraid to walk back to the village alone

-not she. There was nothing more terrible

to be met with than the black-faced mountain

sheep. The dark shadows cast by the

bowlders did not trouble her. She was inno-

cent and unafraid. To-night Larry, the boy

who used to run with the bay over seven

miles of brown bog twice a day to intercept

her majesty's mails at Mulla Cross, had come

lodgings in the village, and her supper when

She turned the key in the door and locked modern warfare; 800 yards is the greatest it, and stepped into the dark night. Larry distance at which it was ever attempted, was trotting along companionably on his and consequently but little reliance was bare feet. There was light up in the castle placed by some of the army officers on yonder over the wood and the sea. Old the efficiency of that portion of the arma- Lady Convers was dying there-a proud, insolent old woman, who had held that the ment intended for breaching purposes. soient old woman, who had held that world was for her castle and her creed, and Their position was such as to disturb the On April 9 the batteries were complete, who now, perhaps with amazement, found the guns placed in position and the herself called upon to die like any clown of roadway up to its great doors. But no such

magazines filled. Gen. Viele had con- them all. A man was stepping up the mountain road structed a co-operating battery on the toward them. It was too dark to see his face, southern extremity of Long Island, in but his step stirred in Mary's heart a wild, the Savannah River, and not more than irrational hope. A moment more, and his two miles from the fort. The purpose of shoulders loomed darkly, shoulders wider this was to obtain a reverse fire during Mary stopped too, with a sudden quietness the bombardment, which otherwise would now that the thing she had been expecting proceed entirely from Tybee Island, all these years had happened.

"Mary!" he said, in a low voice. "It is you, Geoffrey, at last." "It is I at last, Mary."

"Go on a little way, Larry, and wait for me while I speak to my friend. The urchin trotted away into the darkness, and the man and woman were left facing European physicians and medical journals each other. He did not offer to take her hand, and she scarcely felt that she expected it. She looked up at him in a puzzled way. "I knew your step, and your voice.

York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola should never have known your face." Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma "You were never good at seeing, Mary. who send name and address on a postal card. It is 25 years since we said good-by. Mary. Many things change in that time.

"I have not changed." "No. You have thought of me morning and night. You have lived in the hope of hid from her the lady's face. She heard the hearing of me again. You became postmis- sweet appealing voice: tress when old Mrs. Barry died, so that if a

letter came you would be the first to handle "How did you know?"

been a happy woman, with a home and love, with a man to work for you, and children on your bosom. And you gave it all up for me. And after we had parted at Cratlee Bridge I beg your pardon for asking the question. Is made no sign nor token for 25 years. You it true that Mr. Geoffrey has come home?" were not wise, Mary."

"If it were to do over again, I should do "You have no regrets, then?"

She lifted her eyes to him, and they were full of light. She held out her hands, but the darkness perhaps hid them from him, for he made no movement to take them. "I would rather have had you for an hour, and afterward the years of loneliness and longing, than have married a man of my own people and been happy with him." "You kept our secret well, Mary."

"Very well. None ever suspected it Our one Summer in the caves and the islands was our own. Scandal has never touched me. None ever knew that I had a gentleman | from where you stand." for my lover, and he the wildest of the wild

"I have come a long way to look on your for him; he needed all your prayers." face, Mary—a long, long way. I thought I "He said he had come home to—to—see had forgotten you, that I had drowned your his mother, who was dying" ves in these years when I lived and sinned But I never forgot you; you were the one woman for me; I was an unhappy and

"At your mother's bidding." The man started. "My mother! I was forgetting. She is

dying now, and I should be with her. You know she is dving?" "They said this morning she would not last the night. Good-by, Geoffrey."

"Good-by, Mary. We shall meet again." He went off quickly in the direction of the light among the trees, and Mary went soberly on toward the village. Little Larry

shivered. "'Tis late, miss. My mother'll think we're lost." There is always this truth that will never change,

"We shall soon be home now. You saw the gentleman, Larry?" "I saw some one, miss. The night is powerful dark. Half the time I could ha?

swore you were talkin' to yourself." That night old Lady Convers died. There was a deal of excitement in the village; and gossip in some form or another makes the postoffice one of its centres. There were many stories about the great lady's death, to which Mary listened with a faint show of interest. If her lips were blanched, and a faintness sometimes compelled her to put her hand to her side, it was because she was listening for one name; but it was never spoken. The silence had closed about him V.-P., Jos. M. Williams; Sec., H. B. Boudinot; that had lifted for one short quarter Chap. Geo. B. Stayley; Historian, W. J. Carle- hour, and she was not able to break it. that had lifted for one short quarter of an She listened with dilated eyes and parted lips to the details of the death and the

funeral and the reading of the will.
"She died in her bed," said one, "that left many a one to die in the ditches." And another, "She grudged to the poor,

and after all, her money goes to them she hated. The cousin from England takes it all, except the little bit that goes to Miss Eva. "Tis a pity for the poor that Miss Eva isn't rich. She's a good ladyr God bless her, an' no Conyers at all."

"But there is a son," Mary ventured at The gossip looked at her with a smile of

"Sure, where are your wits wanderin' to at all? Sure he was gone to Australy an' lost in it years ago, when you an' me was girls." Mary said no more. She knew better. For some reason or other they were keeping Geoffrey's return a secret, or else the news of it had not reached the village. The Castle and the village had little kindly contact. Old Lady Conyers was not the Lady Bountiful sort; and the way through the village led nowhere. The servants at the Castle were English. Except when Larry brought the post bag to the Castle gates, there was no

But Geoffrey had said they would meet ful and innocent, although she was no longer gain, and Mary never thought of doubting a young woman. Her eyes seemed to ask his word. She spent all her days at the postoffice now, not daring to be absent for a coming toward her at little distance made minute, lest in that minute he should come, and not finding her should go away, perhaps for another quarter of a century. She stayed at you with parted lips as you came up her way, and then when she recognized you as a late at the postoffice. It was after 11 that night when she met him. He might choose the same hour to come again. All day the sound of a foot on the road brought her heart She lived in a cottage in the village, which, into her mouth; and so many times she had after all, was not so far, once you rounded to endure the sickness of disappointment. Every night as she slowly made her preparations for returning to the village, her heart listened in her ears for his foot; she thought rivulet in the ravine, there was no sign of that when she went out into the dark she would again see his figure stepping up the mountain road toward her. She grew pale and scared-looking with the constant strain; and was sorry that she could not make her but still he never came. home there, but the iron hut was only pro-

The days turned round and round, and Lady Conyers had been two months in her grave. The gossip about it was dying out now, though Mary, whenever a neighbor dropped in for a talk, stealthily turned the conversation that way. She had not dared again to hint at Geoffrey; yet it was strange that none of them had heard that he had come. She never allowed herself to think that he had come and gone; he had said he would see her again. To that promise she held greedily, despite the years of his silence

His sister was still at the castle, had indeed been seen in the village, where she stole like one ashamed to offer help and comfort. She was likely to stay in the castle. The English cousin was not anxious to dispossess her; and what would she do in the world, who had always been as a little child under the heavy hand of her mother! Freedom to fly out in the world was as of little and if a bit of a gossoon even looks into her face she's all one blush." Or, "'Tis she has the compassionate heart; an' where did she get it at all, at all? The tears is ready to her eyes for the laste bit of a tale o' distress. Sure 'tis a fairy changelin' she must be, for it isn't in the Convers breed."

Mary listened avidly to such things. Sometimes on a Sunday, when the postoffice was closed, she would climb the hill and wander through the castle woods, hovering on the skirts of them, where she could get a glimpse of the castle itself, and the winding figure as she looked for ever came forth. She saw the lady of the castle pacing the terrace with her dogs and reading from an lower rooms were all shuftered, and from the chimneys the faintest! thinnest thread of smoke issued; the house might have been un-inhabited. The horses had been sent away to be sold, all except Miss Eva's shaggy old pony, which she drove in a low basket-chaise about the roads. The place surely had no sign of a man's presence.

One day Miss Eva herself called at the postoffice. It was the busy time of day, and the people were all out in the fields, She and Mary had never before been face to face; but as Mary looked at her she recognized with a sharp pang the sweet and handsome mouth and the fine, thin nostrils. The eyes, too: his eyes had been gay and coaxing, and the light in his sister's faded eyes was not of earth, yet once the hue must have been the same, and the dark curling lashes

Mary felt herself growing paler, and the perspiration came out thick and cold all over her face. Her lips went blue, and a mist

"I am afraid you are ill. Pray sit down, and I shall fetch you some water.' "I am not ill," she answered, dragging hand will tend six looms, where a Chiherself back to earth, yet her hand held on nese will tend but one. "No matter; I knew. You might have by the counter to keep her from falling. She was nerved all at once by a sudden wild

"Miss Conyers," she said, "I humbly The lady looked at her with an air of

"I am afraid you are very ill, my poor woman. What can you know of my brother?"

"Is it true, miss? I heard he was home, and I wanted to know." There was an anguish of appeal in the voice

to which Miss Conyers responded "It is not true." Her voice fell, and the ready tears came into her eyes."

"If you ever knew him you must pray for him. He is dead," "Dead! he is not dead. I spoke with him two month' ago—the very night your mother was dying—at the door there, not a yard

"My poor woman, it was a delusion. He died in Melbourne on Christmas eve. Pray

"It is a mistake. He is not dead. hurried away to be with his mother. He doomed wretch the hour I shut you out of my talked of many things, things of long ago." Miss Conyers looked at her curiously, al-

most shrinkingly. "I did not know he knew any one in the village. But if you knew him, be glad that he is dead. It is better to think of him in the hands of God than as a lost sheep caught

in the thorns of sin." "I tell you he is not dead." Miss Conyers looked at her mournfully, and turned away.

stole out from the shadows of the hedge and little crazy! She must have been a very pretty girl once."

> downcast. "No," she said to herself again. "I pray he may not have that to his account. There

Is misery to thousands of people who have scrofula in their blood. For this, take

Sarsaparilla

The Best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Itls; easy to take.

And then her thoughts took another turn. "My mother raved of him when she was dying. Question and answer; it was as if | ceiving a note from Gen. Hooker, askthere was some one we could not see or hear | ing help, I rode forward to Ringgold to present, and speaking with her. Her eyes explain the movement of Howard; always gazed the one way, as if some one stood by her bed, toward whom she looked.' But Mary, still trembling from the shock Miss Conyers' words had been to her, sat in her wooden chair wiping her clammy face,

and smiling faintly. "How could he be dead?" she said, when he talked with me there for a quarterof an hour, and little Larry waiting all the time. He neither kissed me nor touched my hand, but I saw him and spoke with him. And he said he would come. I waited 25 years before to see him; and it's not in two months my patience is giving out this time."
Yet still her hands were cold and clammy, and still the perspiration came out on her face in great chilly drops. About 3 o'clock Larry came for the bag.

Larry acushla," she said, coaxingly, you remember the night old lady Conyers died, how I met a friend at the doorstep, and talked with him?" "An' I went down the road a bit an'

you talkin', talkin', with bits o' silence be-"But you saw him, Larry?" "Oh, ay; I saw him right enough. A big dark man in the night."

waited. It was mortial dark, an' I heard

'Yes, yes, Larry. If any one told you you didn't see him, what would you say." "I'd say I seen him all the same." "You're a good boy, Larry, a very good boy," said Mary, passing her handkerchief across her lips. "Now, run with the bag.

And here's a penny for you for yourself. You won't forget you saw him, will you, Larry?"—Blackwood's Magazine. "Children Teething." MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhosa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ASIATIC LABOR.

To What Extent are We Endangered by It. In the November North American Review Hon. John M. Barrett, United States Minister to Siam, tries to get at labor of this country from Asia.

In the first place, he entirely rejects the fancy stories about the buttons and the \$12 bicycles imported from Japan. He says that there is no bicycle factory in Japan that can turn out a wheel for less than \$50, gold, and, second, that there is no factory in the Empire that can turn out over 150 wheels a year. So his energy or capacity to manage an expedition after whom her heart had yearned all those far from exporting large quantities of buttons to this country, Japan has not yet been able to successfully compete with the cheap buttons of Austria and Germany, but imports large quantities from those countries. Nor have the Japanese been so successful as represented in making clocks and watches. They manage to make enough cheap clocks to supply their own trade, but still buy most of their watches from the United States and Switzerland. They have done much better in manufacturing tooth, hair, and nail-brushes, and have built up quite a trade with the United States in these.

> There may be serious danger in cotton manufacturing. Both Japanese and Chinese are going into this business on quite an extensive scale, and so far seem to do well. The Chinese, especially, have practically a limitless supply of cheap labor, which is patient, reasonably skillful, industrious, and reliable. The wages paid are startlingly low. The highest in the Shanghai cotton-mills is 50 cents a day in silver (261 cents gold), but not over one man in 100 received this. The average was from 20 to 34 cents in silver for the men, and from 5 to 20 cents in silver for the women. He says:

> The employees generally had a healthy, vigorous look, as if life had no great cares. They were cheerful, and in most instances

> The same class of employees in a Massachusetts factory would earn from \$1.25 to \$4 in gold per day. There was this difference, however: One American nese will tend but one.

He found the same conditions to exist in the immense sugar refineries at Hong Kong, where several thousand Chinese were employed at an average of 35 cents (silver) a day. In the great docks at Hong Kong there are thousands of skilled mechanics employed in making repairs to ships, which can be done much cheaper than anywhere else in the world, because these men are only paid 40 cents a day in silver. In the great arsenals and ironworks at Han Yang there are over 4,000 men employed at an average of 20 cents a day in silver.

He thinks that the danger is more from China than Japan. The Japanese are much fewer, they are more enterprising and discontented, and consequently less likely to work long for much lower road from Hel-Lung-Chiang to the eastern wages than their competitors. In China, frontier of Kirin, in Manchuria. however, there are uncounted millions of patient drudges, who will accept any AGENTS WANTED. One of ours earned of patient drudges, who will accept any AGENTS WANTED. \$4,000, several \$1,000 than starvation. There is an abundance of capital in China for manufacturing enterprises, when once the people get started in that direction, as is shown by the erection of the enormous cotton mills within a few years.

Mrs. Hudnut makes a liberal offer to Invalid Ladies on page 6. Be sure and read it. Sky-Scrapers of the Future. Fifteen years ago the idea of constructing

"What a strange delusion!" she said to twenty-five and thirty-story buildings would herself. "Poor woman, she is evidently a have been deemed too wildly improbable to deserve consideration. They are now realized. Some of the tall buildings that have A slow flush crept over her still fair and been erected since that time are, from an soft skin, and she walked with her eyes architectural standpoint, unattractive; but many of the more recent ones are beautiful and desirable. What the next 15 years may develop can scarcely be conjectured. Artistic and philanthropic minds, assisted by intelligent legislation, may accomplish what may now seem miraculous. Instead of buildings wretchedly lighted and ventilated composing the solid, wall-like street fronts with scarcely any variation of sky-line, color or design, there may be structures perfect in their adaptation to the special pur-poses each is to subserve, separated from each other by smooth walks, well-kept lawns, blooming flower gardens, and clean streets; representing in their design all that is best in every style of architecture from the remotest ages to the present time, enriched and diversified by color, and varying in magnitude from the romantic single-story Swiss cottage with thatched roof, to the towering office buildings, piercing the sky with a thousand "turrets and spires and gilded domes."—A. L. A. Himmelwright in North American Review.

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from first page.)

where I met Gen. Grant, and learned that the rebels had again retreated toward Dalton. He gave orders to discontinue the pursuit, as he meant to turn his attention to Gen. Burnside, supposed to be in great danger at Knoxville, about one hundred and thirty miles northeast. Gen. Grant returned and spent part of the night with me at Graysville. We talked over matters generally, and he explained that he had ordered Gen. Gordon Granger, with the Fourth Corps, to move forward rapidly to Burnside's help, and that he must return to Chattanooga to push him. By reason of the scarcity of food, especially of forage, he consented that, instead of going back, I might keep out in the country; for in motion I could pick up some forage and food, especially on the Hiawassee River, whereas none remained in Chattanooga.

ORDERED TO KNOXVILLE.

Accordingly, on the 29th of November, my several columns emarched to Cleveland, and the next day we reached the Hiawassee at Charleston, where the Chattanooga & Knoxville Railroad crosses it. The railroad bridge was partially damaged by the enemy in retreating, but we found some abandoned stores. There and thereabouts I expected some rest for my weary troops and horses; but, as I rode into town, l met Col. J. H. Wilson and C. A. Dana, (Assistant Secretary of War), who had ridden from Chattanooga to find me, with the following letter from Gen. Grant, and copies of several dispatches from Gen. Burnside, the last which had the exact facts as to the menace to the been received from him by way of Cumberland Gap:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN: News are received from Knoxville to the morning of the 27th. At that time the place vigorous. Longstreet evidently determined to starve the garrison out. Granger is on the way all sorts, suited to any occasion described, within a vigorous. Longstreet evidently determined to to think, therefore, I shall have to send you. Push as rapidly as you can to the Hiawassee, and determine for yourself what force to take with you from that point. Granger has his corps with him, from which you will select in conjunction with the force now with you. In plain words, you will assume command of all the forces now moving up the Tennessec, including the garrison at Kingston, and from that force organize what you deem proper to relieve Burnside. The balance send back to Chatta-nooga. Granger has a boat loaded with provisions, which you can issue, and return the boat. I will have another loaded, to follow you. Use, of course, as sparingly as possible from the rations taken with you, and subsist off the

country all you can.
It is expected that Foster is moving, by this time, from Cumberland Gap on Knoxville. I do not know what force he will have with him, but presume it will range from 3,500 to 5,000. I leave this matter to you, knowing that you will do better acting upon your discretion than you could trammeled with instructions. I will only add that the last advices from Burnside himself indicated his ability to hold out with rations only to about the 3d of December.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General commanding. This showed that, on the 27th of November, Gen. Burnside was in Knoxville, closely besieged by the rebel Gen. Longstreet; that his provisions were short, and that, unless relieved by Dec. 3, he might have to surrender. Gen. Grant further wrote that Gen. Granger, instead of moving with great rapidity as ordered, seemed to move "slowly and with reluctance;" and, although he (Gen. Grant) hated to call on me and on my tired troops, there was no alternative. He wanted me to take command of

forward to Knoxville. All the details of our march to Knoxville are also given in my official report. By extraordinary efforts Long's small brigade of cavalry reached Knoxville during the night of the 3d purposely to let Burnside know that I was rapidly approaching with an adequate force to raise the siege.

everything within reach, and to hurry

[To be continued.]

Liberia's Coffee Crop. There has been a phenomenal increase of coffee planting in Liberia, and the exports for the last fiscal year amounted to 3,000,000 pounds as against 600,000 pounds 10 years ago. Much of this coffee comes to the United States via Liverpool, and United States Consul-General Heard says in a report to the State Department that if a direct line of steamers could be established to touch once in two months it would be a paying enterprise, as half of the country's imports would come from the United States.

The Russian Government has sanctioned the Eastern Chinese Railway Company, with a

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promptly attended to.

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MAKING MONEY IN HARD TIMES

Mr. Editor:—S. K. Jones asks if money can be made in the Plating Business in hard times. My answer is, with a good estat its the best business I know of as seeple get old goods replated instead of buying new. I'm making 605 a week plating Jewelry, Tableware, Bioycles, &c with Gold, Silver, Nickel and White Metal. Got a good outfit of D. Gray & Co. Plating Works, Columbus, O. They furnish everything complete, receipts, secrets and taught me free. No experience needed. Work is elegant, customers pleased and bring usall we can do. Sister has already made 260 with her outfit. Anyone can do as we have. A READER.

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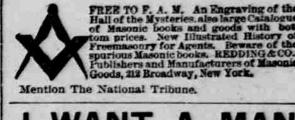






was still invested, but the attack on it was not DALZELL'S BUREAU OF ORATORY. LELL, 87 Main St., Caldwell, Ohio.

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WANTED-ADDRESSES

TITANTED-By Mrs. Bettle Walker, Hearne, Tex VV —The address of comrades who knew Charley Custer, a soldier of the late war. He enlisted in Arkansas. His company and regiment are unknown.